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THE

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(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

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DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

George Q. Cannon, Editor.

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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS.



VOL. XX.

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NO. 8.

FIRST SETTLEMENT OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE scene here portrayed reminds us of the early colonization of America by Europeans, the account of which, no doubt, every school boy and girl has read with interest.

The early history of nations, countries, cities and towns, like that of individuals, seems always to be the most attractive and fascinating, and is perused with the greatest pleasure. A community's early existence, as well as a person's youthful life, is the most charming to contemplate, though perhaps not always so pleasant in its reality. Youth is the most romantic stage of life; for countries and their inhabitants become more matter-of-fact in their nature and fixed in their course as they grow older.

It is the natural inclination of humanity, when an interest has been awakened within them concerning anything, to learn of its origin and early existence. Especially is this so in regard to individuals and communities. The many difficulties they had to contend with, the struggles they made, and the hardships and privations they endured in order to sustain and establish themselves, together with their triumphs of success, all seem to furnish attractions which the mind never grows weary of viewing. They also tend to renew one's courage and incite him to greater exertions in battling with the little difficulties that beset his own pathway.

The history of the settlement of this country by the people of Europe is filled with incidents that are exceedingly interesting to read about. The accompanying engraving is intended to represent the founding of New York City.

The site of this great metropolis of America was first discovered to the civilized world by Henry Hudson, an English navigator, who was in the service of the Dutch East India Company. The Dutch settled upon Manhattan Island, upon which the greater part of New York City rests, as early as 1612. A permanent colony was not established by them until the year 1623, when thirty families made their homes there. They built a fort for their protection and named the settlement New Amsterdam. The British laid a claim to the territory by right of prior possession, and Charles II., king of England, gave it and the whole province now included in the State of New York to his brother, the Duke of York, who was afterwards King James II. So in August, 1664, an English fleet came over and took possession of the town. The Dutch made

no resistance. The name of the town was changed to New York, in honor of the Duke of York who now claimed possession. About nine years later the Dutch recaptured the town and gave it the name of New Orange. But after peace had been declared between the English and Dutch, the pos-



session was restored to the former, and the name which they had given it was resumed.

From the beginning of the nineteenth century the population of the city has increased very rapidly. In the first ten years it more than doubled itself, and since that it has continued to grow with remarkable speed. According to the census of 1880 its population was more than 1,200,000. Although this number is considerably less than that of London's inhabitants, it is difficult to get a proper conception of its vastness. And when we consider how young the city is compared to many cities of Europe, the proportions it has attained are most wonderful. There are nine times as many people in New York City as in the whole of Utah Territory. It has 420 miles of streets and 11 miles of piers along the water. Being entirely surrounded with water it serves admirably as a shipping port. About two-thirds of the imports and two-fifths of the exports of the United States pass through this port. Over 15,000 gas lamps are used to light the streets, and upwards of 300 miles of water pipes have been laid to conduct the water used for domestic purposes from large reservoirs to the dwelling-houses in the city.

It would be useless to attempt, in a brief sketch like this, a full description of the numerous objects of interest to be found in this great city. Even its history since it was founded could only be given very imperfectly here. It is doubtful whether a description, however complete, of the points of interest in any place is satisfactory. The only way to properly appreciate such things is to visit and see them for ourselves.

E. F. P.

MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

NOTHING of importance transpired in my field of labor except that I was appointed president of the Auckland branch of the Church, until the 11th of January, 1883, when, having made all necessary arrangements, I embarked on the steamship *Rotomahana* for the Thames in company with Elder James C. Williams with the view of presenting the gospel to the people of the Waikato district.

We sailed along a narrow arm of the ocean, land-locked on either side. On the right was the main-land of New Zealand diversified by small elevations, gentle slopes and valleys in which could be seen occasional habitations of the Europeans and Maoris, while on the left was a group of islands, Rangitoto and Juarintine being the principal ones. Four hours' sail brought us to an open sea, the Thames Gulf, so named by Captain Cook when he explored those remote parts of the globe in making his circuit of the earth.

At 9 p. m. we pulled alongside the Grahamestown wharf where we were met by Brother Thomas H. Locke, the only Latter-day Saint at the Thames. He received us very hospitably by conducting us to his residence and caring for our necessities. We sojourned two weeks in that place, during which time we presented the gospel to the inhabitants by tracting the principal portions of the city, and held one public meeting at which the attendance was very poor.

In distributing and gathering tracts, an opportunity of discussing the principles of "Mormonism" with two of the most prominent ministers of the place was afforded. Of course they leveled their artillery on the structure of the gospel,

especially polygamy and the pretense of performing miracles, and poured forth a volley of abuse and slander. But after firing their green peas of error and false doctrine against the adamantine fortifications of truth, and investigating the tenets of the persuasion adhered to by the Latter-day Saints, they were compelled to hoist the white feather.

One of these learned individuals thought that I was uncharitable and unchristian-like to express my convictions of the necessity of baptism for salvation. Also for arguing that the gospel with all its power, authority to officiate in the ordinances thereof, and blessings had left the earth years ago. He said: "If power and authority of the gospel are not in vogue among the Christian denominations extant on the earth, how do you account for the great transformation from sin and darkness to light and a high standard of morality? Again, see what Christianity has done for the development of science and learning."

I challenged him to point out his boasted morality. I said, "Cast your eyes of reflection over the present state of affairs of the whole world, religious and moral. Behold, if you please, the hundreds of contending and conflicting doctrines and theories among the numerous sects and creeds. Again the drunkenness, intemperance and prostitution which are eating and diseasing millions of the human race, mentally and physically. Murder fills the hearts of thousands of this generation. This fact being demonstrated beyond the possibility of a doubt by the glaring accounts of foul and atrocious murders and assassinations, with which the daily and weekly periodicals teem. The old world is embroiled by restless, international jealousies and conflicting interests. The great powers and nations are brightening their guns for war. The crowned heads of Europe stand in great peril of the assassin's knife. This, sir, is your boasted, prodigious transformation from sin to a high standard of morality."

I told him, as for Christianity aiding in the advancement of art and science, it had little to gloat over, as many of the most eminent scientific men were genuine infidels.

He interrogated me respecting Utah, her people and the Edmunds bill, and finally inquired of my birth, etc. I readily informed him that I was brought up in Utah and was a thorough-bred and a natural-born "Mormon," when he stood agast with wonder and amazement, saying, "You are no disgrace in general appearance and intelligence to your ancestors. You must have had considerable experience in the ministry."

On the 26th of January, being satisfied that the people had been sufficiently warned, myself and companion took our departure for the interior of the island. We were on foot and followed the serpentine form of the river Thames coming occasionally to small villages whose inhabitants were Maoris and Europeans, to whom we presented the gospel tracts. After a three days' hard walk we arrived at Cambridge on the Waikato river.

In that trip of about 80 miles the truth was presented to the people of six settlements, the principal of which were Paeroa and Tearoa, at both of which places we applied for food and shelter, but in every instance received a positive refusal. As a consequence we were necessitated to walk 40 miles one day on a dry road under the burning rays of a New Zealand sun. When we arrived at Cambridge our feet were sore, our limbs ached and our stomachs were empty. At this settlement we remained for the space of eight days during which time we held one meeting and distributed tracts through the town.

The principal work in spreading the truth at that time was being done among the Maoris. The gospel which had been opened to the natives of New Zealand by W. M. Bromley, was commencing to take root, and many of them were coming forward to obey the truth. While here we assisted in the baptism and confirmation of seven of the natives, also administered to their sick and blessed some of their children. This was the commencement of a new era in New Zealand in connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The gospel had been preached to nearly all the white inhabitants of the country who rejected the same and had starved and persecuted the servants of God, who by a remarkable dream and important cases of healing had turned the gospel to the lost sheep of Israel.

As an evidence that God was beginning to work among the natives by His Spirit one of them came two or three times every day to us, asking questions pertaining to the principles of "Mormonism." He could not refrain from seeking for his soul's salvation. Finally, one evening, he demanded baptism. We consented, and he led the way down to the Waikato River in a hurried manner. It reminded me of an animal rushing to the stream to drink, being extremely thirsty. After baptism and confirmation, contentment and joy characterized his general appearance: his once eager countenance now wore an aspect of smiles and gratitude.

During my stay in Waikato there were seventy-four united to the Church, all of whom were added within two months.

I left Cambridge on February 5th, for Te Awamutu. During three days' absence, the gospel was presented to the people of the above named place, also Kihikihi, Alexander and Ohaupo. I then returned to Cambridge. After recruiting one day I again started to Auckland 600 miles from Cambridge warning the people of Hamilton, Ngauawahia, Taupire and Huntley and arrived in Auckland the 10th of February. Thereafter I made a journey of about 300 miles principally on foot, presented the gospel to sixteen villages and towns, held two public meetings and baptized four Maoris. Popular prejudice seemed to be so intense that the people would not allow us to preach in their halls without money and if a hall was furnished they would not come out and hear us.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ELDER HENRY H. KIRK.

BY J. W.

AFTER this funeral sermon the sects felt somewhat demoralized and did not trouble us so much at our meetings. The non-professors of religion, who generally admire anything witty, also gave us their sympathy and encouragement. After a short time a number of the religionists, still smarting under what was universally acknowledged as a defeat, got together to consult. There was present with them, by accident, a brother who had but very lately been baptized, and by them not known to have deserted their ranks, and from him we learned what happened. One speaker said:

"These Mormons claim to have the power to work miracles, such as healing the sick by the laying on of hands, etc. Now, if we could pin this man [Brother Kirk] right down and make him either work a miracle or fairly admit he cannot do it, we would have him caught, as we are satisfied he cannot do any such thing. Then all the town will hear of it and know him to be an impostor."

The wisdom of this plan was at once admitted and immediately accepted by the company. But, like with the rats who had agreed that a bell on the cat's neck, to give them warning when she was coming, would be good, the only difficulty was who should put the bell on; so with them, the only difficulty was who should make him do it. At length even that difficulty was overcome by a well-known drunkard bully, who was present, agreeing that for a gallon of ale paid in advance, he would make him do it or back out. He further agreed to give Brother Kirk a thrashing in the bargain.

All this happened immediately after a meeting in the forenoon at which Brother Kirk had been preaching. He had gone into a brother's house close by for dinner.

The ale was paid to the bully, as agreed, and it was decided to act at once. Accordingly the man went into the house and, addressing himself directly to Brother Kirk, said:

"See here, they tell me you profess to work miracles. Now, I want you to work one for me, and *right now*, or I will knock your two eyes into one."

Elder.—My dear sir, there is some mistake; I am sure you never heard me profess to do any such thing.

Bully.—No difference; if I haven't, others have. So, now, get at it or I'll get in my work.

E.—(*Arising, and apparently in a passion,*) Well, did I say I would *not* work a miracle for you?

B.—(*A little milder,*) No, you did not say you would not, but what I want of you is to do it.

E.—Well, all right; seeing you are determined, I guess I will work a miracle just to please you. But see here; do you believe I can? because, you know, faith is necessary. The Testament tells us that even Jesus Christ could not work a miracle on one occasion because of unbelief.

B.—(*Somewhat surprised, studied a moment and said,*) Well, yes, I believe; so go ahead.

E.—Well, I'm glad you believe and thus give me a good opportunity. Again, I will need a little help. Of course you cannot object to helping me.

B.—Certainly, anything that I can do I will do.

E.—All right, we will immediately proceed. Please to pull off your coat. (*B. did so.*) Pull up your right sleeve. (*B. complied.*)

There was a large knife lying on the table close by. Brother Kirk took up the knife with one hand and took hold of the man's wrist with the other. The man jerked back and asked what he was going to do.

E.—(*Very composedly,*) O, I thought maybe the best thing I could do would be to cut your hand off and then put it on again! Perhaps that would be as convincing as anything I could do. (*B. got his coat and commenced to put it on.*)

E.—Stop; you will not go away before I have worked the miracle?

B.—Yes, I think I will.

E.—But you must not. And again, you are safe because you said you *believed* I could do it.

B.—Yes; but I would rather not try it on. (*Goes out.*)

His employers were watching, hoping to see the fun of Brother Kirk getting a good beating. When the bully joined them one said:

"Well, did he work a miracle?"

The bully answered, a little sheepishly, "No; but he *would* have done if I would have let him. But you go and try him yourself and let him cut your hand off and put it on again, if you want to; he can't try it on me."

(*To be Continued.*)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

OUGHT THE WILL OF THE KING OR OF CONGRESS TO BE THE STANDARD OF RIGHT AND WRONG TO THE PEOPLE?

AFTER the death of Cromwell and the restoration of the Stuarts to the English throne, there was a great reaction in England in religious matters. The strictness and severity of the Puritans were replaced by the laxness and libertism of the Cavaliers, and morals fell to a very low ebb. It was at this time that Thomas Hobbes, "in language," Macauley says, "more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer," maintained that the will of the king was the standard of right and wrong, and that every subject ought to be ready to profess Popery, Mohammedanism, or Paganism, at the royal command. Hobbes' writings had the effect, it is said, to exalt the kingly office, relax the obligations of morality and degrade religion into an affair of state. And it is no wonder that, under the circumstances, they should have this effect. Men's minds were in a condition to take advantage of any reasoning or argument that would justify them in throwing off the obligations of religion and in yielding to immorality. When men accept the will of the king, and such a king for instance as Charles II. was, instead of the will of God, as their rule of life, it is easy to conceive the depth of degradation to which they would descend.

I refer to Hobbes and his writings to show that, long ago, men were found who used the same arguments and reasoning which are now urged upon the Latter-day Saints respecting laying aside some parts of their religion and conforming to the laws of Congress. In every age, I suppose, there have been persons of this character—persons who have thought that mankind should conform in their religion and in their other views to the will and wishes of their governors and their rulers. Very many persons, who appear to wish the Latter-day Saints well, and who express great pity for us, ask in pleading tones if we cannot lay aside the practice of plural marriage. They say it is the only difficulty in the way. An influential man, who served a long time as member of the U. S. House of Representatives, and is now a prominent officer of the Government, said to me a short time ago,

"I know your people possess many excellent qualities. They are a people whom I admire. Your religion, which produces such fruits, must be a good religion. I am a Presbyterian; but I think none the worse of your religion on that account. Your revelations are as good, for aught I know, as the revelations we believe in. I know that much can be said in favor of polygamy; but the country is unalterably opposed to it; the people will neither accept nor tolerate it: why cannot you confine yourselves to believing it and let the practice of it go?"

After I explained to him the nature of our belief in it and why we practiced it, how it was interwoven with all our hopes for exaltation in the presence of God, and that it was impossible for us to renounce it without at the same time renouncing the heaven for which we were striving, he saw the subject in another light, but still thought, perhaps, that we were fanatical upon the subject. Religion in these days is so much a matter of fashion, and sits so easily upon the consciences of the bulk of the people, that they appear unable to comprehend why we make such a fuss about it or attach so much importance to it. When the nation condemns a feature of religion as emphatically as it has done celestial marriage in our

case, and attach penalties to its practices, such persons can see no sense or reason in clinging to it. They, like Thomas Hobbes, are willing to take the will of the rulers as the standard of right and wrong. If they lived in a monarchy, the religion which the king dictated and insisted upon would be adopted by them; but, living in a Republic, they take the will of Congress instead, and seem to think that our consciences should accommodate themselves to that which Congress says shall or shall not be religion!

It is only a few days ago that I fell in company with an intelligent man, who had been baptized into our Church when he was eight years old, but who had grown up an unbeliever. His friends are still members of the Church, and he lives among us, kind and friendly to our people, ready to defend them against many misrepresentations, but with no faith, apparently, in our principles and particularly opposed to plural marriage. I met him away from home. Without any design on the part of either of us the conversation led to the topic of never-failing interest, and so much and so widely discussed, the topic of plural marriage. There were many remarks that he made, which, coming from a man of his intelligence, surprised me; but that which startled me most, was the statement that he did not believe God would ever reveal anything as a command, which would require him if he obeyed it, to disobey the laws of his country. In other words, he thought the laws of a country ought to be obeyed in preference to any laws of God.

Now, it is true, that the Lord has commanded us to obey the laws of our country. He never has given us a command which requires us, in obeying it, to violate any constitutional law of the land. The law of July 1st, 1862, commonly known as "the anti-polygamy law," is the first law of Congress upon this subject. But it did not become law until about ten years after the announcement to the world, by the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, that celestial marriage was one of the principles of salvation in which it believed. That law, we have always believed, is violative in spirit and meaning of the first amendment of the Constitution. If all the world were to say that plural or celestial marriage is not a part of religion, would that separate it from religion or convince us that it is not in our minds, a religious principle? It is a vital part of our religion, and was proclaimed as such, and believed and practised as such, by the Church when the law leveled against it was enacted. The law, therefore, was enacted by Congress against a law of God. It attempted to annul and make void that which He had commanded, and that which He declared to be essential to exaltation in His presence. God, in giving the law, made it a part of religion, and, therefore, it could not be prohibited without violating the Constitution. It was not He who gave a command which came in contact with the laws of the country; but, as I have said, it was men who attempted by the enactment of laws, to interfere with and prevent obedience to God's laws. This is the case as it stands with us.

But, as I remarked in the conversation referred to, if mankind had bowed to the dictates of rulers and law-making powers in matters of religion, there is scarcely a principle of the so-called Christian religion that would be left; for every one has been warred against, more or less, in ages past. Rome, if she could have done so, would have swept Christianity as a religion from the face of the earth. But its professors never accepted the will of pagan rulers as their standard of right and wrong. They obeyed that which they conceived to be the will of God, bowed in obedience to His laws, and frequently suffered imprisonment and death therefor. By the heroic

sacrifices of men and women, whose consciences could not be brought to accept the dictation of their fellow-creatures for the will of heaven, religious liberty has been preserved in the earth and the forms of religion known as Christianity have survived. At the time Hobbes wrote upon the subject of religion it was a crime, under the laws of England, for a Catholic in that kingdom to make a convert to his religion. The punishment for a priest who did this was, he was to be hung, drawn and quartered—a frightful penalty for such an offense. Yet there were men who had the courage to face this penalty in the performance of that which they believed to be their duty. A notable instance of this occurred in the case of Charles II., King of England. His brother James was informed that Charles could not die easy until he received the services of a Roman Catholic priest. It seems the king was secretly at heart a Roman Catholic in his faith. The room in which the king was lying was full of courtiers; but James, who himself was at heart a bigoted Roman Catholic, went to the bedside and, in a whisper, asked the king if he should get a priest to come and see him. The king eagerly responded in the affirmative. After considerable trouble a priest was found, and was smuggled in disguise into the king's bed-chamber from which the courtiers had been requested to withdraw. At the risk of his life he administered the rites of his church to the dying monarch, who thereafter appeared greatly relieved in his mind. Had the laws then on the statute books of England been enforced against Huddleston, this priest who attended the dying king, he would have been hung, drawn and quartered. By such an act the laws would have been vindicated; but the rights of conscience would have been outraged, and religious liberty would most unjustly and cruelly have been interfered with.

Catholics had inflicted frightful penalties upon Protestants and upon all who dissented from the Church of Rome, and this through many centuries. When Protestantism gained power this persecution, so full of the most bitter memories, was not forgotten. The Church of Rome was a source of dread and hatred. To check its growth, the same means were resorted to that it had used against heretics. In the treatment of these it had given the world a lesson that had not been forgotten, and its members in turn became the victims of a persecution, as cruel while it lasted, as any it had inflicted. There was a time in England when, if the Protestants could have had their way, Catholicism would have been crushed out. But though Roman Catholic priests were compelled to hide from public sight, and if found were treated as the vilest of criminals, and dare not perform mass or any other ceremony without exposing themselves and all who were present to the vengeance of the laws, still their religion lived. Its members could not be driven to deny or abandon their faith because of persecution.

The same is true of Protestantism. It was persecuted; its believers were tortured and martyred by thousands upon thousands. But it prospered, nevertheless. Its right to live has been demonstrated. There are many features of Protestantism which I think very erroneous. But that is between its believers and their God. If I had the power, I would not have the right to use force to lead them away from their belief. God has not given this authority to any man, or set of men. He Himself does not take this method of leading men to do His will. And if He does not, is it likely that He will entrust others with the power to do it?

The truth is that to have perfect religious liberty men must be left free to exercise the agency which God has given them.

Neither kings, congresses, nor rulers of any kind, have the least right to interfere with or curtail man's agency. A law which commands man to do certain things, or to refrain from doing certain things which are matters of conscience and religion with him, and in doing which he intrudes upon no one's rights and disturbs no one, is an unconstitutional law and ought not to be enacted.

At the hotel yesterday I sat at table with three gentlemen, each of us occupying a side. Two of them were somewhat old acquaintances, one of them having been in Congress four years while I was a member. The conversation turned upon the subject of marriage. The oldest was at least fifty years of age; another was probably forty-five; both of these were quite gray; and the other was about forty-three. All three were bachelors. Now, the argument frequently used against plural marriage is that it is not correct because the sexes are so nearly equal in numbers. Let this be granted, and what then? Here were three men, amply able to keep a wife each, who were not married. Three women, the sexes being equal in numbers, have, as a consequence, to go without husbands. Is it fair for these three women, if they desire to marry (and nearly every woman if she can get a partner to suit her will marry) to be forced to live single? or should they be permitted, if they wished to do so, to marry a man who already has a wife? The question came up, did I injure society any more by having plural wives, than they did by living as bachelors? Knowing their lives, as I do, I can answer it very satisfactorily to myself.

The attempt is made to have this principle of our religion separated from religion and to call it a social question. Even if viewed in this light its effects are incomparably superior to the effects which accompany the prevailing system of marriage. But let others call it a social question or whatever they please, we esteem it as a holy principle of religion—a law which pertains to celestial glory, which if not obeyed by us will forever prevent us from becoming "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ."

CURING A BAD MEMORY.

OUR readers, doubtless, have heard of *mnemonics*, the name given to any system of rules intended to assist the memory. The practical working of such a system is hindered by the fact that it requires a good memory to remember its precepts when the occasion comes to use them. But a writer in the *St. Nicholas* gives two simple rules for the improvement of the memory, which can be easily recalled and readily put into practice: Your memory is bad, but I can tell you two secrets that will cure the worst memory. One, to read a subject when strongly interested; the other is to not only read, but think.

When you have read a paragraph or a page, stop, close the book and try to remember the ideas on that page; and not only recall them vaguely in your mind, but put them into words and speak them out.

Faithfully follow these two rules and you have the golden keys of knowledge.

Besides inattentive reading, there are other things injurious to memory. One is the habit of skimming over newspapers, all in a confused jumble, never to be thought of again, thus diligently cultivating a habit of careless reading hard to break.

Another is the reading of trashy novels. Nothing is so fatal to reading with profit as the habit of running through story after story and forgetting them as soon as read.

GIBRALTAR.

LETTER V.

IN the year 1760 two British regiments formed a conspiracy to surprise, plunder and massacre their officers and then surrender the fortress into the hands of Spain. The number of conspirators was seven hundred and thirty; but during a quarrel in a wine house someone divulged the scheme. A private was executed on the grand parade as the ring leader, and ten others were condemned to death, which overawed the rest.

About this time the fortifications were strengthened. One battery of great annoyance to the enemy was called by them the "devil's tongue;" and the entrance into the fortress was also called the "mouth of fire." In the beginning of the year 1783 there were six hundred and sixty-three pieces of artillery in the stronghold, including cannon, mortars and howitzers.

Although the Spaniards had been thrice defeated in their attempts to recover Gibraltar, they continued to view the position with a jealous eye and determined to seize the first opportunity to wrest it from the dominion of Great Britain. Near the close of 1777 everything indicated a war between France and England, as hostilities had been carried on for about six months. Spain therefore took this favorable opportunity of interfering by offering her mediation, proposing such arrangements as she must have felt sure would not be agreeable. On the refusal of England to accede the court of Madrid espoused the part of France, and on the 16th of June, 1779, the Spanish ambassador presented to the court of London his hostile manifesto. The principal design of the court of Madrid, doubtless, was the recovery of Gibraltar. On the 21st of June, 1779, the communication between Spain and Gibraltar was closed by order of the Spanish court.

The garrison at this time consisted of 209 officers, 59 staff, 313 sergeants, 166 drummers and 4,632 rank and file, making an army of 5,379 men. On the communication being closed a council of war was immediately summoned to advise concerning the measures to be pursued, and arrangements were entered into for the defense and provisioning of the garrison. On the 6th of July a packet from England informed the governor that hostilities had already commenced between Great Britain and Spain. A proclamation, in consequence, was issued, ordering the seizure of all Spanish vessels, etc., and letters of marque were granted for that purpose to the privateers in the bay of Gibraltar. The consequence was, a few prizes were taken and a few hostile shots were exchanged.

On the 16th of July, Gibraltar was blockaded and the Spanish began to strengthen their fortifications. As the blockade did not continue long by water many of the inhabitants left Gibraltar, for the necessities of life daily became more scarce. As the enemy's camp numbered 15,000 men and fortifications were continually being erected and advances made, a council of war was summoned on September 11th, and the next day fire was opened on the enemy, which caused them to do much of their work during the night, although then much annoyed by the bursting of shell, etc.

About July, 1779, several cannon of large calibre were erected on the summit of the rock at the north front, 1,439 feet above sea level. The roads leading to this elevated spot were constructed at great expense.

To add to the trouble of the distressed inhabitants of the rock the small pox broke out; provisions were very scarce and high priced, mutton being worth 75 cents per pound; veal,

\$1.00; pork, 60 cents; a pig's head, \$4.50; ducks, \$3.00 a pair; a goose, \$5.00, etc. The governor, General Elliot, for experiment, lived on four ounces of rice a day, for eight days.

Thistles, dandelions and wild leeks were the daily nourishment of many for some time (which may remind some of the early settlers of Utah, adding dried hides cooked for soup as a change). Before long, however, the inhabitants were made glad by the arrival of a strong fleet from England, laden with stores and provisions. This event seemed to animate the soldiers and prepare them for the great struggle then about to commence.

The reception of the fleet with supplies so displeased the enemy that they opened a vigorous fire on the garrison, thus destroying many buildings and scattering the terrified inhabitants, who fled to the south of the rock, without shelter only some who were afterwards furnished with tents by the government. It was not uncommon for a shell to pass through houses and disquiet officers and others while enjoying their hoarded luxuries, killing and wounding them, causing much confusion and disorder. Wine and other strong drinks were given to the soldiers, thus causing disturbances and many disgraceful scenes. On one occasion it pleased them to take the image of the Virgin Mary and, for a bit of fun, they placed it in a whirligig and then held a mock court marshal, found it guilty of some crime and placed it in a prison. The men were guilty of drunkenness, debauchery and other high crimes, and had taken liberties until they could scarcely be controlled by their officers while on duty. Necessity caused the adoption of the following rigorous measures on then 26th of April, 1781: that every soldier convicted of being drunk, or asleep at his post, or found marauding, should be executed. On the 5th of May a soldier was executed on the grand parade for plundering. His body hung until sunset as an example to others.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

THE GIFT OF THE HOLY GHOST.

BY JOHN H. KELSON.

THE plan of salvation is not comprised in any one principle only; neither can eternal life and exaltation be attained by a single bound from a sinful and depraved state to a condition of holiness and heavenly felicity.

Even in this mortal state the attainment of wealth, learning and honorable position involves indefatigable labor, strict adherence to, and application of, certain principles and rules. Can it be conceived that the vaster concerns of religion are less obligatory and exacting? or that eternal life can be secured without obtaining a knowledge of its ordinances and principles and yielding obedience thereunto?

The believer in the atonement of Christ is in a far better position than the infidel. He is saved according to the power and efficacy of this faith. He might add repentance to his belief, and thus take another step; and he will certainly reap the benefit of this advancement. If he is then baptized by one holding divine authority, he takes a great and important stride in the path of life and salvation. His position is now a highly favored one. He is born into the kingdom of God. But he must not stop at this degree of progress. He has not yet attained full salvation. He is born, it is true, but he must

now begin to live the new life; he must breathe the new atmosphere. If he stops here he is like the still-born babe. He must receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. Devoid of this vital spiritual breath the baptized believer is dead and can make no further advancement.

We have abundant evidences in the scriptures that the Father and the Son are material personages, that each possesses a glorious body similar to man's mortal tabernacle. But the personality of the Holy Ghost is not so clearly revealed.

Joseph Smith informs us that "the Father has a body of flesh and bones as tangible as man's; the Son also; but the Holy Ghost has not a body of flesh and bones, but is a personage of spirit. Were it not so, the Holy Ghost could not dwell in us." (*Doc. and Cov.* 130, 22.)

Speculations and discussion about the personality of the Holy Ghost are vain and unprofitable. It is evident that many things concerning this divine agent are purposely withheld from us; for Jesus said: "He shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak; and he will show you things to come." (*John xvi.* 13.)

The Holy Ghost is known also in the scriptures as "The Comforter;" "The Holy Spirit;" "The Spirit of Truth," etc. All these terms are used to designate that divine gift which is bestowed by the laying on of hands. It is the special medium by which the mysteries of God are unfolded, and the knowledge of the principles of eternal life is communicated unto man.

There is a divine spirit of light and truth which proceeds from the Godhead and "enlighteneth every man that is born into the world." This spirit is general and universal in its operations. It is the breath of the Almighty which quickens all things. It is like the sun, which sheds its genial rays, not only upon waving forests and green fields, but also upon the barren desert and the stagnant pool. It falls like the gentle rain both upon the just and the unjust. It is the light, in man, which is called conscience; the monitor, which prompts to goodness, rebukes evil, and stings with remorse the soul of the evil-doer. By this light the things pertaining to this mortal life are made manifest.

It is the light of science, the inspiration of skill and art. It fires the soul of the philosopher and lights his way into the secrets of nature. It flashes upon astute minds, and reveals new and marvelous discoveries and inventions. It gives wisdom to statesmen and good counsel to kings and potentates. It is the fountain of all the good there is in the world; and the source of all the truth, life, power and grandeur manifested in animated nature.

Alma says: "The elements are the tabernacle of God, as man is the temple of God." By the potent energy of this divine Spirit the changes of the seasons are regulated; the earth is fertilized; and all the wonderful works and incomprehensible mysteries of creation are carried on.

But this all-pervading and universal spirit; which might be called inspiration, ardor, vivacity, or even, enterprise must be carefully distinguished from the special gifts of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost is a peculiar endowment, belonging to a certain class. It is bestowed as a special gift upon certain individuals, upon specific conditions.

This divine power, which proceeds from the Father through the medium and in the name of the Son is spoken of as being "sent," "given," "poured out," "falling upon," etc. Thus indicating its unlimited diffusive, or omnipresent properties. The apostle Peter said; "The promise is unto you, and your

children; and to all them that are afar off; even to as many as the Lord our God shall call."

(*To be Continued.*)

A LAD OVERCOMES.

"It is good for a man," saith the prophet Jeremiah, "that he bear the yoke in his youth."

An illustration of the sentiment is furnished by the university life of the first Lord Abinger, better known as James Scarlett, the distinguished advocate and judge.

In his sixteenth year he was sent from the island of Jamaica, where his father was a rich planter, to the University of Cambridge, England.

Such was the good opinion entertained of the youth by his parents, that he was made his own master, and given the command of money without any limit but his own discretion.

The lad's first resolution—we commend it to young men in similar circumstances—was that he would do nothing to forfeit his parents' confidence. He determined to study with diligence, and not to permit anything to interfere with the formation of studious habits.

It was not long before an event occurred which tried the temper of his resolution. Young Scarlett's agreeable manners and social disposition made him popular with his fellow-students.

One day, while he was hard at work, a deputation, several of whom were noblemen's sons, called at his room and announced that he had been chosen a member of the True Blue Club, whose members, limited to twelve, were chosen from the *élite* of the college.

He thanked them for the honor, and after they had departed, began to reflect how far membership in the club was consistent with his resolution.

It would lead to desirable social friendships which in after life might be useful to him; but it was a drinking club, whose main business was, at stated periods, to dine together with abundant festivity.

The lad had a natural aversion to wine, which, notwithstanding it was fashionable to drink, he did not wish to overcome. He saw that club habits would interfere with habits of study, and with a high courage worthy of a man of riper wisdom, he declined in courteous terms the honor of membership.

No one had ever declined that honor, and young Scarlett's bold act created a sensation in the college.

At first the "True Blues" were cold in their manners towards the lad who had declined to associate himself with them. But that soon wore off, and some of the members, admiring his pluck, became his life-long friends.

The Masters of Arts and Fellows of the college, hearing of the act, sought out the young gentleman who refused to enter the most aristocratic club in Cambridge. They made his acquaintance, admitted him to their society, afforded him opportunities of improvement, and by their friendship more than compensated for his loss of jovial companionship.

That act of declining influenced young Scarlett's future life. It was his first great temptation. His overcoming it, because he would not forfeit his parents' confidence, was the earnest of his success.

He never again met with a temptation which so severely tried his power of resistance. He bore the yoke in his youth and his neck was made strong for the burden of life.

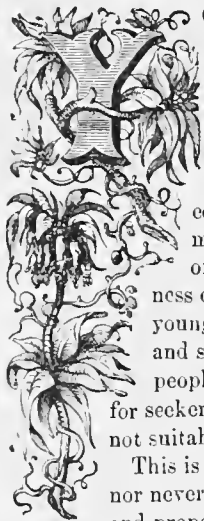
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, APRIL 15, 1885.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



YOUNG people frequently make a great mistake in forming their ideas respecting that which constitutes enjoyment. They have not had experience in life, all their sensations are new and vivid, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that they should make mistakes and frequently come to wrong conclusions. One very common mistake is to suppose that the practice of religion curtails or interferes with happiness or enjoyment. Hence it is there are some young people who neglect the duties of religion and seem to think they may do well enough for people more advanced in life to attend to, but for seekers after pleasure like themselves they are not suitable.

This is a great mistake. True religion never did nor never will interfere with or detract from healthy and proper enjoyment. There is a good reason for this. God who created man is the author of true religion. Being from the same source they are admirably adapted to each other. The most perfectly happy man on earth is the man who lives in the closest obedience to the laws of the gospel. Obedience to them makes his character and life the most perfectly rounded, harmonious and best developed possible. Every part of his being, every faculty and power of mind and body receives attention. He is restrained from doing anything that would injure him; he is encouraged and strengthened in doing everything that would benefit him. If he has weaknesses, they are brought to light and corrected, and the strength of his nature is brought into full exercise.

It is a mistake to imagine that the highest enjoyment can only be derived from the gratification of the appetites and through giving full play to the animal powers. A knowledge of the gospel or true religion teaches better than this. It shows that it is not through these that the purest, highest and most lasting happiness is obtained. Through it man learns that he has a spiritual being, and that it must receive attention if he would be happy—that it is, in fact, the higher part of his organism. He learns that the most exquisite, exalted and sweetest enjoyment, which fills the soul to overflowing, comes through the cultivation of the spiritual part of his being, and that this does not interfere with the proper exercise of what may be called his animal powers.

It is this that children need to be taught. Every boy and girl should be taught how to obtain pure and lasting happiness. They should be taught that it is by the cultivation of the higher faculties, the spiritual part of their nature, that this can be best obtained. If they live so obedient to the Lord that they can have His Holy Spirit as their constant companion, they will find in it a never-failing fountain of happiness. By its aid those who possess it acquire self-control, they are enabled to practice self-denial.

We have known boys who either neglected or rejected their religion. They sought for happiness in other channels. Their lives, have generally been failures. As a rule, they have not been useful, prosperous or happy. In the course of our life numerous cases of this kind have been known to us.

We have also known boys who stuck to their religion. They loved it, and did all in their power to understand and practice it. We have never known a boy of this kind whose life has not been a happy one. They are the successful, useful, influential men of our Territory. They have been blessed and honored of the Lord and are beloved by their associates. Having lived in harmony with and obedience to law, they have consciences void of offense; they do not suffer from self-condemnation, nor have they to bear in their bodies and spirits the penalties of violating the laws.

This is the best proof boys and girls can have as to which is the best course for them to pursue. Let them look around them and judge for themselves. Does any one know an apostate whose life and actions he would like to imitate? Do any of our readers know any men or women who reject the gospel whom they would wish to be like?

But some one may ask: "Are all who do not believe the religion of the Latter-day Saints wicked?"

We do not say so. But we say that those who reject that religion are not so happy and do not have so much pure and lasting enjoyment as those who embrace and live according to its requirements. We say that no one can reject it without grieving and losing the Spirit of the Lord, and to that extent they do wrong.

There are kinds of enjoyment which people who reject religion sometimes have, yes and wicked people too. If they have wealth, they can gratify themselves in many ways. The pleasures of the world are to be purchased by wealth. They can have fine clothes, fine houses, fine furniture, fine horses and carriages, and everything that is choice to eat and pleases the eye and gratifies the appetite. Wicked people can have these if they have money. And there are many, very many people in the world who struggle all their lives to obtain these things, because they think they bring the highest pleasure.

But those who have this view of happiness do not understand their own natures. They have never sounded the depths of their own hearts. There is a fountain of happiness which the poor may have opened to them by obeying the gospel which will fill their whole being with joy that cannot be described. All the wealth of the earth without the gospel, would not produce it, and no man, however rich, that has not tasted it can conceive of its blissful feeling.

The good things of the earth are not to be despised. It is necessary for all to have some portion of them. But they are secondary to the gospel and the Spirit of the Lord. When they are possessed in addition to the Spirit then they are very convenient and are of advantage to mankind, for they are apt then to be used for their benefit.

ANOTHER point about which some make mistakes is, that if they obey religion they cannot have that amount of liberty they would have otherwise. We have found some young persons among us who had that idea. They seemed to think that they would be deprived in some way of their independence, by espousing our religion.

Now, why any one should have such a thought as this is a mystery to us. It must have its origin in ignorance. We have traveled considerably and mingled largely with men in

various stations in life; but we never met with a people who were more independent in their views or who had greater liberty to express them, if they chose to do so, than the Latter-day Saints.

Some persons cannot draw the distinction between independence and disobedience. They imagine that to be independent they must be disobedient and rebellious. Can anything be more absurd than this? Because a person is obedient does it lessen his independence or take anything away from his liberty? Every person who reflects will say at once, "No; it does not." But shallow thinkers say because the Latter-day Saints are obedient, therefore they are not independent and do not have liberty! What ridiculous nonsense such talk is! Is a family of children who carefully obey their parents and take delight in doing as they are told, any less free, than a family who are always murmuring about the requirements of their parents and rebelling against them?

It requires the highest qualities in a man or woman to be a Latter-day Saint. It requires true independence of character and the highest courage to bear all that a Saint who lives on the earth for any time has to contend with. The Saints have been so independent and determined that mobs could not drive them from their religion, though they robbed them of all they had. When people have shown by their works, as the Latter-day Saints have, that they cannot be driven or frightened from their religion, they exhibit true independence. They have shown that they will die rather than yield to the wrong. But in the right they can be led by a hair. No people on the earth have given such proofs of independence and a love of liberty as the Saints have. It is because they possessed these qualities that Utah is settled by them. They preferred a home in a wilderness and desert land with freedom than homes in the midst of so-called civilization without independence.

A SIGN-SEEKER.

BY J. E. T.

IN the year 1849, while Elder William L. Cutler was the President of the Lincolnshire Conference, England, I, in company with him, was trying to open up some new fields of labor, for up to this time an Elder of the Church had not visited this neighborhood.

A very neat, but small Primitive Methodist chapel had been secured in order to give Elder Cutler (lately from America) an opportunity to expound the peculiar doctrines taught by the Latter-day Saints, news of which had spread to a considerable distance and caused the assembling of a large congregation.

The internal arrangements of the chapel were similar to others belonging to this denomination. There was a center aisle leading from the entrance to the pulpit which was immediately opposite the door, the pews or seats being on either side. Immediately under the pulpit was a small enclosure the floor of which was one step higher than the floor of the main hall and was called the communion seat. Here the members of this sect met once a month to partake of the sacrament. On three sides were seats and the pulpit was reached by a stairway inside this communion seat.

Elder Cutler occupied the pulpit which was just large enough for one person, and his companion was seated below within the enclosure. The preliminaries of singing, prayer, etc., having been completed, Elder Cutler arose and gave out his

text:—"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. * * And these signs shall follow them that believe," etc. (*Mark xvi. 15-18.*)

Just as this was done a very small gentleman not more than five feet two inches high, dressed in a swallow-tailed, broadcloth coat with a stove-pipe hat by his side, evidently a stranger in the village, who had previously taken a seat inside the communion railing, was seen to take out some note paper and write very rapidly in long hand for a brief time. Suddenly he arose and addressed Elder Cutler as follows:

"My dear sir, I think it would be much more interesting to the audience if you would show them a sign yourself."

Elder Cutler, evidently nettled at being thus interrupted, spoke very decisively, "Sit down, sir."

Our small man at once dropped into his seat and resumed his writing; but not for a great length of time, for he again arose and said, "I am sure, sir, that if you will work a miracle right here it will be much more satisfactory to the audience than telling us what you can do."

Elder Cutler again repeated but in much louder tones than before, "Sit down sir, and don't interrupt me any more. When I get through I will give you a sign."

This seemingly satisfied our little man; but ten minutes had not elapsed when he again arose to his feet and demanded the sign then and there.

Elder Cutler being fully aroused by this third interruption thus addressed himself to the audience in very mild, quiet tones, "It seems, ladies and gentlemen, as if this small specimen of humanity will not sit still until I give him a sign; now if you will be quiet for a few moments I will go down and give him the sign he wants and then I will finish my discourse."

Curiosity was now at its highest pitch, the congregation at the lower end of the chapel arose to their feet on purpose to witness the promised sign. Elder Cutler came slowly down from the pulpit, very deliberately pulled off his coat and hung it on the communion railing, (I will here state that his height was six feet two inches and withal he had a very large hand) he then drew his shirt sleeves up his arm, spat on both hands, doubled his heavy fists, and standing over the now cowering form of this seeker for a sign, said in thundering tones, "Whereabouts will you have it?"

The small man leaned over, grabbed his hat and papers and went down the aisle among those that were standing in it and out of the door as if he had been shot from a cannon.

The building being a consecrated one, also the sanctity attached to such places, prevented for a time any exhibition of feeling from the people. But when Elder Cutler who had been anxiously eying the departed sign-seeker broke the silence by very dryly remarking partly to himself and partly to the audience, "Why, he didn't want a sign after all," the audience could no longer restrain themselves and such a demonstration was made that I presume was never before witnessed in a place of worship in old England.

Elder Cutler, myself nor any of the audience (as far as we could learn) ever knew where the sign-seeker came from or where he went afterwards.

TRUTH is such a precious jewel that it is not wisdom to use it upon all occasions and in all places; but where it is imprudent to exhibit this priceless gem, another one, almost equal in value, called silence, is a most suitable substitute.

NAPOLEON'S HOUSE AT ST. HELENA.

ABOUT 1400 miles west of the west coast of South Africa and 2000 miles from the east coast of Brazil, in the Atlantic ocean is situated the small island St. Helena, renowned as the place of the great Napoleon's banishment after his most brilliant successes amid European nations were ended. Its greatest length is ten and one-half miles, while its breadth does not exceed seven miles. It is owned by the British and was at one time a very important halting-station for vessels traveling between Europe and the East. It is a strongly fortified position, not only so formed by nature in its precipitous and almost inaccessible coasts, but, also in every place where a landing might be effected, military works have been erected for the purpose of making it secure. The population is estimated to be at the present time between six and seven thousand. It is on this land where Napoleon's home as represented in our engraving is situated: a plain, unpretentious building which served him as a home and a prison.

The principal events in the life of Napoleon Bonaparte are doubtless known to most of our readers; how he rose almost from obscurity to be the leader of the French army and even the ruler of the nation; how he inspired his troops with a spirit of daring and courage akin to recklessness, by which he was enabled to spread terror among every European power that dared to oppose him; how he was over come and banished to the island St. Elba from which he escaped to again astonish the world with the brilliancy of his genius; and how on the field of Waterloo he met a terrible and overwhelming defeat from which he could never recover. We will therefore confine this article to his subsequent banishment and death on the isolated spot previously described.

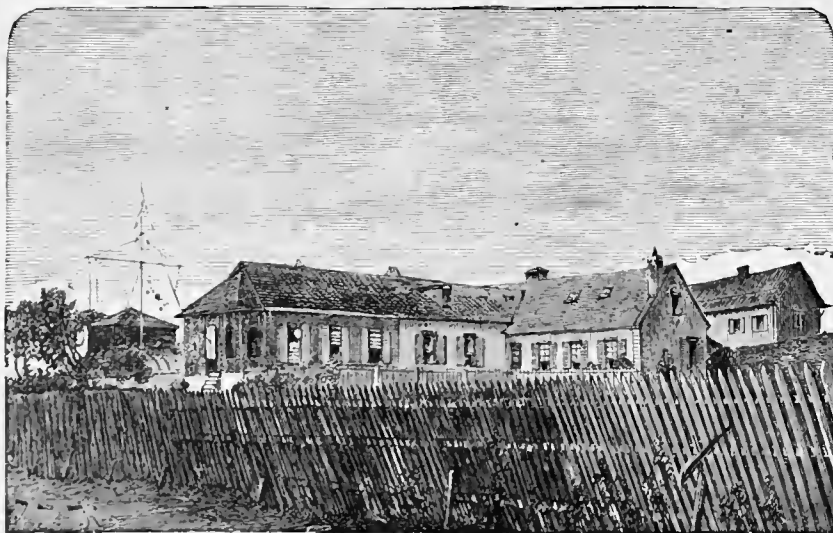
After the surrender of Paris to the Bourbons, Napoleon proceeded to Rochefort near the sea-coast with the intention of escaping his enemies by fleeing to America. Here he was greeted with acclamations of joy by the people and was told that by making one grand effort he might be able to collect an army sufficient to battle a short time longer with his opponents but with no hope of permanent success. Alternating between hope and fear he allowed several precious days to pass during which English ships were continually being gathered to blockade the ports of France and prevent the escape of the "man of destiny," and the imperialists were approaching nearer to try and capture the dethroned emperor.

Finally when longer delay on French soil was perilous and the chances for an escape to America were not at all encouraging, Napoleon decided to throw himself on the mercy of the English. He accordingly surrendered to Captain Maitland of

the ship *Bellerophon* on July 15th, 1815, and was immediately conveyed to England. Here nearly everyone felt the greatest joy at the capture of the much-dreaded leader, and as long as he remained on the ship anchored in Plymouth harbor the neighborhood swarmed with people anxious to catch a glimpse of the grim warrior. The more the people saw of him, however, the greater became their pity for his misfortunes, and the English ministry fearing that the national hatred might soon be entirely overcome, decided to no longer permit Napoleon's doom to be undecided.

The confidence which the fallen leader had shown in the English had no effect upon his judges. The nation feared him and determined to place him where he would evermore be secure. No place in Europe was deemed sufficiently safe and after some delay the place of his captivity was chosen. It was arranged that some spot near the center of the island at a distance from the part inhabited should be selected, sufficiently large to permit Napoleon to walk about or even ride without being made to feel that he was a prisoner. The title emperor by which he had hitherto been known even in England was also to be taken from him and he was to receive none other

than that of general. Himself and officers were to be disarmed, and only three male companions were to be allowed to accompany him into exile. The personal effects of himself and companions were to be searched, and their money, plate, jewels, etc., were to be taken away lest they should serve as a means of escape. And on arriving at St. Helena should Napoleon desire to pass outside the grounds allotted to him he was to be escorted by an officer.



This sentence was carried out with the exception that the condemned succeeded in concealing a diamond necklace and 270,000 francs about their persons which therefore did not fall into the hands of the custom house officer; and as Napoleon was about to enter the ship, Admiral Keith said, "General, England orders me to demand your sword." The prisoner told in a glance the only terms upon which it could be obtained. The Admiral did not insist and the sword therefore remained with its owner.

On the 15th of October, 1815, the vessel which bore the prisoners with the accompanying fleet anchored in the harbor of Jamestown. The entire population of the place assembled on the quay. The illustrious passenger ascended the quarter-deck and gazed sadly on the rugged black abode where he was to spend the remainder of his days. On the 17th, the party landed and were lodged in a place which was to serve temporarily as a residence. A permanent place of abode was, however, soon prepared at a place called Longwood where there was sufficient room for his companions as well as himself.

The exile was at all times kept under the strictest watch. An officer was appointed to see him at least once and some-

times twice a day. Any lengthened disappearance of the captive was to be reported to the governor. No person or article was permitted to enter or leave the island without being subjected to the closest scrutiny, and letters or packets to any of the inhabitants of Longwood first had to pass through the hands of the governor. The inhabitants were warned that any participation in an attempt at escape would be deemed high treason and treated as such.

These precautions were most galling to the great warrior and he remonstrated in no gentle terms to those who were placed to guard him. The location, too, of his house was anything but healthy and pleasant, it being on a plain exposed to both sun and wind, and he frequently asserted that his life was endangered to prevent the chance of his escape.

Deprived of his liberty Napoleon spent his time in reading, talking to his friends and dictating from memory to his companions the principal events of his life. Thus passed the years of his imprisonment until 1821 which terminated his career. For months he had been afflicted with a disease from the pain of which he could only now and then gain temporary relief. From the beginning of the year he gradually grew worse until the 5th of May, when surrounded by his faithful companions and servants he breathed his last. His pain during sickness had been most intense, and as he had ordered his body to be opened after his death, it was revealed that cancer of the stomach was the principal cause of his demise, though the liver was also diseased.

His body was dressed in the uniform he preferred, that of the chasseurs of the Guard, and after suitable religious services performed by a single priest and his few friends all that was left of this great man was consigned to the tomb on the isle to which England had banished him.

PERSECUTION.

BY EZRA C. ROBINSON, 12 YEARS OLD.

WITHOUT persecution the Latter-day Saints are apt to go astray as did the people of Nephi. It is necessary for us to be troubled to keep us humble. Jesus said, "It must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" Be not discouraged when they come for it is for our good. The people of God cannot expect but that persecution will be greater the nearer they live to God. Trace the history of the prophets, were they not persecuted? Yes, they were. When the children of Israel were in bondage and most cruelly treated, see how the Lord delivered them. If we are faithful we need not fear, for the Lord will protect us.

Jeremiah was imprisoned for prophesying, and the Hebrew children were tried to the very uttermost because of their belief. Nebuchadnezzar set up an image of gold and made a decree to all nations that when they heard all kinds of music they should fall down and worship the image he had prepared and if they did not do so they were to be cast into the fire. Now when the music was heard, all nations fell down and worshiped the image, but the three Hebrew children refused to do as bid. They were, therefore, cast into the fire, the heat of which was so great that the men who cast them in were burned while doing so. The king looked into the furnace and beheld four men walking in the fire, and he said the fourth looked like the Son of God; and he called the condemned Hebrews out and found that there was no smell of fire about

them. The king then made a decree to all the nations that they should worship the God of the Hebrew children. Daniel also had his trials. The king made a decree that no person should pray except to him for thirty days. Whoever did so was to be cast into the lion's den. But Daniel trusted in God and prayed as usual. As a consequence, he was cast into the lion's den. The king, however, was sorry and could not sleep all that night. Early in the morning he went to the mouth of the den and called Daniel out and had all those wicked men who had opposed Daniel thrown to the lions and they were soon devoured.

See how Jesus the Son of God was ridiculed, and mocked and spit upon. Yet He became not angry, but in His last moments prayed for His murderers.

Every good man has had opposition to contend with. Even Columbus was ridiculed for thinking the world was round and that there was more land than the old world, and not until he had proved that his theory was correct was he looked upon with any favor.

Hence the Saints need not feel downcast because they are persecuted, for as long as they do right and Satan has any power, they will be opposed by the evil one and his servants.

AGASSIZ AND HIS FATHER.

THIS story is told of Agassiz, the great naturalist:

His father destined him for a commercial life, and was impatient at his devotion to frogs, snakes and fishes. The latter, especially, were objects of the boy's attention. His vacations he spent in making journeys on foot through Europe, examining the different species of fresh-water fishes.

"If you can prove to me," said his father, "that you really know something about science, I will consent that you shall give up the career I have planned for you."

Young Agassiz, in his next vacation, being then eighteen, visited England, taking with him a letter of introduction to Sir Roderick Murchison.

"You have been studying nature," said the great man, bluntly. "What have you learned?"

The lad was timid, not sure at that moment that he had learned anything. "I think," he said, at last, "I know a little about fishes."

"Very well. There will be a meeting of the Royal Society to-night. I will take you with me there."

All of the great scientific men of England belonged to this society. That evening, when the business of the meeting was over, Sir Roderick rose and said:

"I have a young friend here from Switzerland who thinks he knows something about fishes; how much, I have a fancy to try. There is, under this cloth, a perfect skeleton of a fish which existed long before man." He then gave him the precise locality in which it had been found, with one or two other facts concerning it. The species to which the specimen belonged was of course extinct.

"Can you sketch for me on the blackboard your idea of this fish?" asked Sir Roderick.

Agassiz took up the chalk, hesitated a moment, and then sketched rapidly a skeleton fish. Sir Roderick held up the specimen. The portrait was correct in every bone and line. The gray old doctors burst into loud applause.

"Sir," Agassiz said, on telling the story, "that was the proudest moment of my life—no, the happiest—for I knew now my father would consent that I should give my life to science."

Lesson for the Little Ones.

PRIMARY EXERCISES.

JESUS CONTINUES TO WORK MIRACLES.

AS Jesus traveled from place to place, He continued to work miracles among the people, and His fame spread all around, for all the sick that were brought to Him or could see Him were healed. The lame walked, the blind saw, the deaf heard and all who were sick with diseases were made well. So great was the power He had, that people followed Him from place to place by thousands and wherever He went crowds of sick people came for Him to heal them and they were so full of joy, they would shout and praise God and run to tell others of the goodness and mercy shown to them by Jesus the Son of God. But some followed with a desire to find something from which to make evil, for the priests and rulers were jealous of His power over the people and feared He would become so great that their own power would not be felt by the people. Therefore, those who were wicked and would not repent, tried to make it appear that Jesus and His followers were evil doers. But the Spirit of God gave to those who believed on Him a testimony for themselves, just as He does in our day.

Once when Jesus had gone from the city into a desert place, He saw a great many people had followed Him there, and His tender heart was full of pity, so He healed all their sick, and comforted them with the words of life they were so glad to hear. When the evening came, His disciples asked if they should send the people away to the villages for some food, but Jesus said, "They need not depart, give ye them to eat." His disciples told Him they had but five loaves and two fishes. Jesus said, "Bring them hither to me," and He told all the people to sit down on the grass. He then took the five loaves and two fishes, looking up to heaven He blessed and brake them and gave to His disciples to give to the multitude to eat, and they all ate and were filled, and they gathered up of the pieces that were left, twelve baskets full. Now those who had eaten were about five thousand men, women and children. How wonderful was this manifestation of the great power Jesus had! It was then as it is now. The poor and meek were the ones who believed on, and followed Jesus.

Jesus told His disciples to go and get in a ship, while He sent the people away and when they had all gone, He went upon the mountain to pray.

About the fourth watch of the night the wind rose, and the sea was very rough, Jesus' disciples wondered where He was. Pretty soon they saw something moving towards them on the water. It was Jesus walking to the ship. He was coming to His disciples; but they were afraid for they thought it was a spirit. He knew their fears and spoke to them, saying, "Be of good cheer, it is I, be not afraid," and Peter said, "Lord if it is Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water;" and Jesus told him to come. So Peter got down from the ship and walked towards Jesus, but the wind rose, and his heart failed him; he cried out and Jesus stretched forth His hand saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt." When they reached the ship, the wind ceased blowing and all on board marveled and worshiped Him, feeling more sure than ever that He was the Son of God.

QUESTIONS.

- 1.—What did Jesus do for the people as He traveled from place to place?
- 2.—What would the people do when they were healed?
- 3.—How did the priests and rulers feel when they saw Jesus' power over the people?
- 4.—What did God give to those who believed on Jesus?
- 5.—What did Jesus tell His disciples to do for the people who had followed Him from the villages?
- 6.—How many loaves and fishes had they to give them?
- 7.—How many people were fed?
- 8.—How many baskets of fragments did they have left after the multitude were fed?
- 9.—What kind of people followed Jesus?
- 10.—How did Jesus reach the ship where His disciples were?
- 11.—Which one came to Him on the water?
- 12.—By what power did Jesus and Peter walk on the water?

SOMETHING NEW.

How much we all love to have new clothes, or see new and strange sights, or a new friend, or a new present, or hear wonderful news!

This is all very natural and very nice, for we will strive all the harder when we see something new that takes our fancy; but I hope our dear children will be sure and fancy only those things that are best for them to have. When your prim-

any fairs come off this year, try and see what you can get that is better than last year's effort. Try and think of something new, useful, ornamental, and try to combine them together.

The boys can get new and better varieties of flowers and vegetables, garden seeds of superior kinds, new kinds of furniture, improved garden tools and pretty toys made with pocket knives, etc.

Our girls can get some nice home-made cloth and embroider it, making nice shirts, dresses, jackets, hats and all kinds of wearing apparel and delight everybody with something new.

ZINA.

HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

CHAPTER VI.

RUPERT'S mental distress would have been intense, for he was not at heart a wicked man, and his bad action would have preyed upon his mind only the possession of so much wealth made him feel quite easy. He paid his bills, he lavished money upon Hannah, he began to feel quite respectable, and in the consciousness of financial ability, he forgot the source from which his means were derived.

Three months elapsed before Gilbert's return, and during this time Rupert was almost happy. Hannah was entirely joyous. She was informed by Rupert that his people in the East had sent him means, and she saw what pleased her more than anything else—her husband's unruffled brow.

Mrs. Whopscott urged upon Rupert the necessity of planting a suit against Gilbert, and pressed him to take active steps to maintain her interests. But Thorndyke succeeded each time when the subject was mentioned in persuading her to await Gilbert's return.

Finally the merchant came home and his first visitor was Samantha. She demanded her money, and Gilbert told her that he had already paid it to her authorized agent. Mrs. Whopscott did not believe him, and made many threats, but finally was convinced of the truth of his assertion when she saw Rupert's own receipt. She had come to the merchant trusting entirely in the word of her son-in-law, and had relied so implicitly upon him that she had not even communicated her purpose to him; but now that she had discovered his perfidy she came to a resolution to punish him without reserve and without mercy.

That night Rupert Thorndyke was arrested upon a charge of embezzlement. The facts were plain and easily proven and within three weeks he was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for his crime.

Hannah was wild. During the progress of the case she many times supplicated her mother, upon her bended knees. But Samantha was adamant. Having once given her confidence, and having met with such a base betrayal she would listen to no pleading for mercy. And so at last Rupert found himself the inmate of a stone cell, and Hannah found herself a deserted woman.

The night that Rupert was incarcerated Hannah visited her mother. Painful as it is to record, she spoke fiercely. With raving and with cursing she greeted her mother. And finding no mercy there she seized a knife from the table and swore to slay her parent, if Samantha would not concede some means of redeeming Rupert.

She might as well have talked to the granite walls about her, because Samantha was set upon vengeance.

That night Hannah was very ill. The next morning she reviewed her situation. She learned that she was penniless, and that so far from being able to realize from any resource of her husband, he himself was in need of her assistance.

What should she do? Her mother detested her, and was doubly angry towards her because of Rupert's crime. She knew no one in Boulder. In her agony and distress she would have sent to old Si had she known his whereabouts. But he had vanished.

This situation continued for a week. Then she was in actual want. Without waiting to consult anybody she began to look for employment. But one situation was open to her. She went into a laundry. There she worked in delicate health, seeking to maintain herself in honor and respectability.

Boulder in those days was a wild town. Hannah, to that western city, was a beautiful woman. Temptations innumerable were thrown in her way. But her love was immured within the prison walls with her lover.

She had been toiling thus two months, when one day a span of little brown mules walked gravely up in front of the laundry and stopped. From the wagon which they were drawing there solemnly stepped down a bent and unhandsome figure—old Si Whopscott. He walked into the building and clumsily took off his hat. With an awkward bow he asked for Hannah. She entered the room, and with one impulsive rush put her head upon his bosom.

"Hanner, my little girl, you've had lots of trouble. Yer old man never would have looked upon your face again, only for your woe. But when he heard of your distress he could'n't keep away. I've been living at Canyon City. I've been working hard, but I didn't have any home troubles. It was there I learned of your bother, and I'm come to take care of you."

That night Hannah left her toil at the laundry. Her father had hired a modest room, in which Hannah was to keep house for the two. His sole source of revenue now was his labor as a drayman. It was poorly requited toil, and it was hard labor. But Si had something now to live for.

A few months elapsed and one day Hannah was ill. She lost her senses. And when her senses returned a tiny little girl rested upon her heart.

After Hannah's health was partly restored, she longed to look upon the face of her husband. She went to the penitentiary and begged to be allowed to see him. Her request was granted.

The next day Rupert Thorndyke was missing. By what means Hannah had accomplished his escape no one ever learned; but her woman's wit had done it. That night Hannah and her baby rested by Rupert's side. Old Si kept watch at the door. Like a watch-dog he laid upon the mat, never closing his eyes in sleep, alert, listening to every sound, constantly watchful.

Rupert was hidden there for three days; then the officers found him. He went back to prison. Hannah was almost crazy. A few days after Rupert's capture the baby became ill. It was a hard struggle. Hannah fought with passionate love to hold its life. But she failed. A little mound of earth on the hillside covered Hannah's baby.

FOOLISH GEORGE HODGEN.

FOOLISH GEORGE HODGEN is not an imaginary character. I believe he is a native of the town of Newport, Vt. People call him "*Foolish George*" because he is rather weak of intellect—a little daft, as the Scotch say.

Foolish George is a favored patron of the Passumpsic Railroad. He rides back and forth whenever he pleases. If he takes a fancy to ride from Newport to White River Junction, he steps aboard the train. He can take the best seat in the car if he chooses. No conductor presumes to demand any fare of him. If he wishes to take the next train back to St. Johnsbury, or any other station, he does it without money and without price.

Foolish George has a great command of language—such as it is—and a good many ideas, if he only knew how to sort them and make them hang together. Sometimes he is a great political orator and "stumps" for himself as a presidential candidate. Then again he appears in the role of a musician. For the occasion he is anything that he happens to imagine himself. People who have the leisure for such things love to call upon him for a speech, always promising him a few pennies for his performance.

Then George will mount a box, or whatever happens to be nearest, and pour out his strange eloquence while the crowd laugh and applaud. His speeches are sure to amuse them every time, for amid the medley of his words there will often flash out a droll conceit and sometimes just a hint of a bright idea that the wisest of them might be proud of.

Two or three pennies will produce a song from poor George as easily as a speech, and his singing is quite as good fun for the crowd as his oratory. Nothing gratifies the thoughtless better than to "patronize" those who are inferior to them. Ah, the inferiority may not be so certain, after all!

It is not always safe to say which is the wiser, the fool who amuses, or the fool who laughs. A friend of mine who had been far away came to visit me. I had not seen him for years.

One day he strolled into the village to while away the time. An hour afterwards I found him with a knot of men and boys listening to foolish George, who stood on the steps of a building making a "speech for Grant."

George was in good spirits and won frequent bursts of applause. It was a great entertainment for the thoughtless company. When I approached my friend he was laughing and clapping as heartily as the rest. Turning to me he said:

"Here, if you wish to see a specimen of perfect felicity, look at that fellow. He illustrates Pope's line exactly:

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

I did not laugh, nor even smile, in return. I showed no signs of being amused, but I took his arm and we walked away together. When we were out of sight of the crowd, we sat down in the shade.

"Now, what was there to laugh at in the exhibition you just witnessed?" I asked seriously.

"Everything," replied my friend. "He is so foolish and funny, and his assurance was so happy and perfect. Nobody could help laughing."

"Perhaps some could not. But I never laugh at him, or at anything he does."

"Well, really, I do not see how you can help it."

"Do you think the tender Master who pitied all men's infirmities would have laughed at Foolish George? Pope's line, which you have just quoted, is a neat way of telling us to let well enough alone; but it cannot apply to poor George, for his ignorance is not a thing he could help if he tried. He

is a fool by misfortune. They who practice upon him, and will not let him alone, are greater fools, and of a different kind."

My friend looked up in some surprise at my earnestness. "Well, it did not occur to me to look at it in that way," said he.

"With all our intellect, refinement and culture," I continued, "Foolish George is, in a sense, our superior. I can never laugh at him. When I stand before him, it is with awe and reverence rather than amusement. I know not how he came to be what he is, but his infirmity is sacred in my eyes. I am too thankful for the blessing of my full reason to ridicule those who are deprived of that gift. Foolish George Hodgen is not only an object of pity, but he is a hero, worthy of our highest admiration.

"Let me tell you a story. One Spring day, years ago, an express train left White River Junction for St. Johnsbury, with a hundred passengers. Most of these had made the same trip many times, and probably not one of them had now any thought of danger ahead.

"The day was pleasant and everything seemed in fine condition. All looked for a quick and prosperous journey. They sped on—past Norwich, past Thetford, past Piedmont, past Wells River, past Ryegate, past Barnet. A few miles more would bring them to their destination.

"But something lay unseen before them on the road that meant destruction and death! Up in the gorge where the Passumpsic enters the Connecticut, a huge rock had fallen from the overhanging cliff upon the track. It waited there, immovable, to crush the train as it thundered round the curve. On the left of it towered the solid granite, with its innumerable jagged points. On the right, almost beneath the track, was a deep abyss, with the angry river boiling at the bottom.

"The engineer could not see the rock until he had passed the bend, and then it would be too late. Disaster seemed inevitable—disaster, sudden, awful, complete!

"The train approached the curve. Two minutes more and the crash must come! Just at that critical time poor Hodgen happened to be strolling along the gorge and discovered the fallen rock. He heard the thunder of the cars, and his simple mind comprehended the terrible extremity. His instinct was quicker than many a man's reason.

"He dashed down the track to meet the train.

"As the locomotive rolled in sight, the eye of the ever-watchful engineer caught the figure of a man on the track, running and swinging his hat frantically in the air. Instantly he blew the whistle and every brakeman plied his brake hard down. The engine was reversed and the heavy train rumbled on past Foolish George, who had saved it, past the curve, and stopped barely sixteen feet from the rock.

"Then the astonished passengers got out of the cars, looked shuddering into the abyss below, and turned to bless poor, foolish Hodgen for their deliverance from death."

Before the story was finished my friend had covered his face with his hands.

After a pause he looked up and said, "God forgive me for my thoughtlessness! I was on that train! But I never knew that it was Foolish George Hodgen who saved us from destruction.

"Is it possible that only that poor idiot's intellect stood between us and eternity that day? I shall never laugh at his simplicity again. God bless poor George Hodgen!"

That act of Foolish George was what earned him the right to ride free anywhere on the Passumpsic River Railroad as long as he lives.

FRANKLIN B. GAGE.

UTAH'S VALES.

WORDS BY E. B. WELLS.

MUSIC BY E. STEPHENS.

Allegretto.

INTRODUCTION.

Grand and no - ble, nature's bulwarks, Stand the loft - y mountains round, And with - in the pleasant

valleys peace and plen - ty do a - bound. Here is Zi - on—land of promise— Where the

Rit.

Saints of God a - bide; And the des - ert, once so barren, blossoms now on every side.

CHORUS.

TENOR. Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell, And praise the God of Is - ra -

TREBLE. AND ALTO. Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell, And praise the God of

BASS. Peaceful vales where Saints may dwell, And praise the God of

ff *Rit.*

Is - ra - el; While hap - py chil - dren join and sing, Glory to the Heavenly King.
el; While hap - py chil - dren join and sing, Glory to the Heavenly King.

And the angels of Jehovah
Watch forever on the towers
That, like sentinels, are stationed
Round this glorious land of ours,
Which the Saints in peace inherit
As their resting place foretold,
Where they gather round the standard,
And the flag of truth unfold.

As a mighty chorus swelling
From these valleys, here and there,
List! ten thousand human voices
Calling on the Lord in prayer;
And the song of praise and gladness
In loud peals of music grand,
Like an anthem of hosannas,
Echoes through the chosen land.

FARMER JOHN GRAY.

BY J. C.

AN honest man was Farmer Gray,
Who, though he had his failings,
Met all the ills that crossed his way,
Scornful of sad bewailings.
When John lost pig, ox, horse or mare,
With crump or other trouble,
He said, to fret and harbor care
Would make his losses double.
When grain was cheap, or living dear,
John's mind was quite contented;
He thought with patience, hope and cheer,
All ills were best resented.
When grubs or mice would gnaw his corn,
Or cattle break his fences,
John saw, to sit and curse, or mourn,
Would only add expenses.
John did his best in ev'ry way
To care for things around him;
He fed his cows good roots and hay,
And much rich milk they found him.
While shiftless ones their lot deplored
And want would make them splutter,
John's pantry shelves were richly stored
With plenty eggs and butter.
When neighboring farmers mourned their woes,
John used to laugh, and tell them,
Poor, ill-plowed land and rusty hoes
Explained best what befel them.
"To help my point, you'll find," quoth John,
"That he who tills the deepest
And weeds and harrows best what's sown,
Can sell his stuff the cheapest."
When fops with style were bothered much;
John's better sense and reason,
Selected cloth and leather such,
As suited purse and season,
John ne'er could see how it would pay,
To suffer aches and aillings,
And barter home or farm away
For fashion's strange prevailings.

When gossips at the corner stood,
Or by the stove sat mopping,
John fixed his barns and stables good,
Or stacks that needed topping.
Though many jeers at John were cast,
By senseless, meddling neighbors,
They seldom failed to own, at last,
The wisdom of his labors.

While some with duns were sore opprest,
And suffered calls perplexing,
John had no threats to mar his rest,
No law suits long and vexing.
John's force of will, and gift of sense,
Lent law to all his yearnings,
And fixed the rule, that no expense
Should e'er exceed his earnings.

Now, gossips, fops and trifling men—
Of every rank and station—
Whether you drive the plow or pen,
You'll find it's your salvation
To pattern after Farmer Grey,
Whose mind was made contented,
By planning well, from day to day,
That wrongs might be prevented.

THE answer to the Charade published in No. 6 is PRINTING
INK. Correct solutions have been received from Annie W.
Peterson and Helger Johnson, Huntsville.

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